

MARVEL
REMEMBERS



JOHN
ROMITA

MARVEL 2

ANN NOCENTI • PAOLO VILLANELLI • JAVA TARTAGLIA

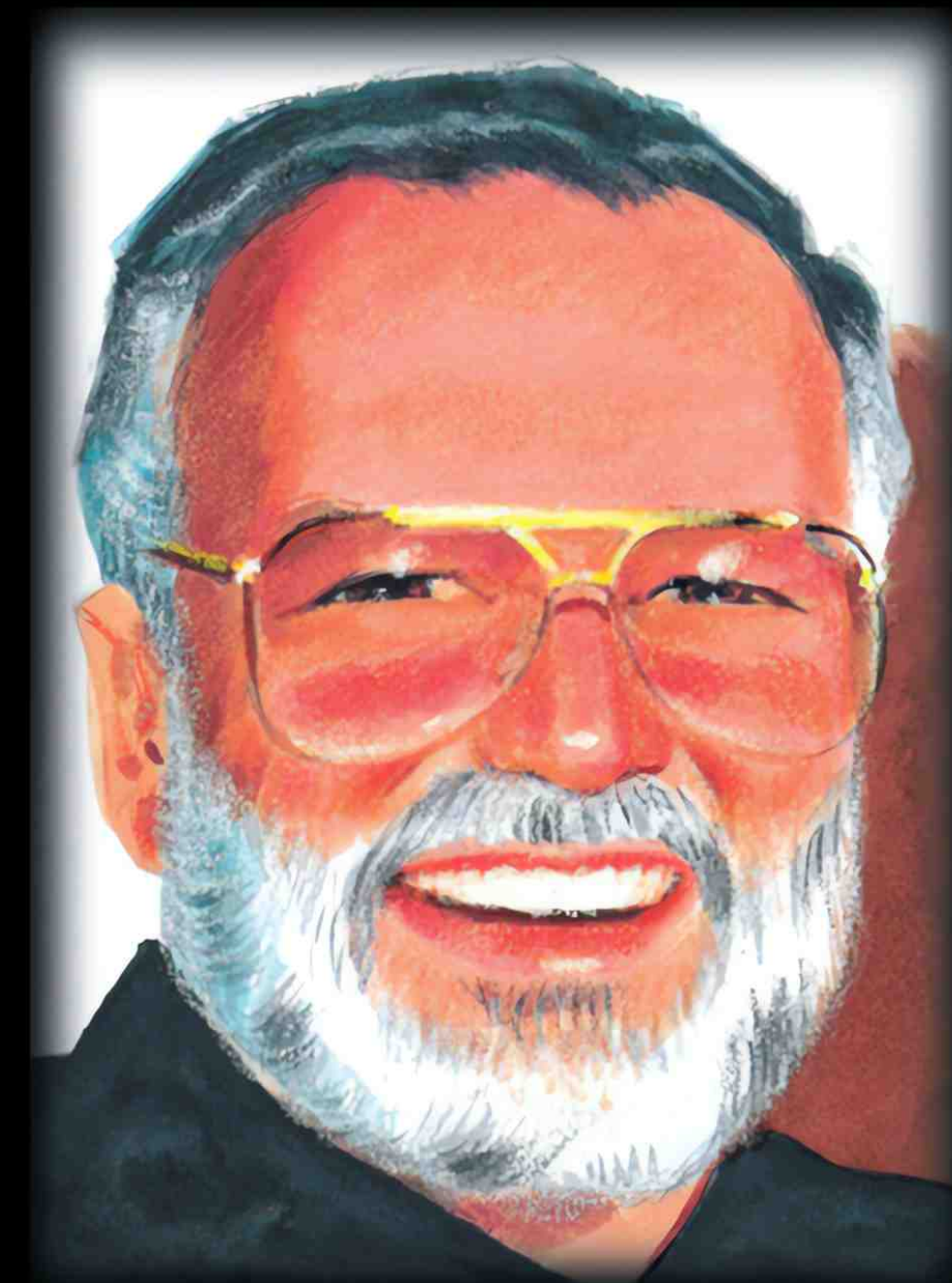
CAPTAIN MARVEL DARK TEMPEST





John Romita

1930 – 2023



Marvel mourns the passing of comic-book artist John Romita Sr., whose work on *Amazing Spider-Man* helped make the character a worldwide sensation. In his work as Marvel's art director, he designed the Punisher and Wolverine and served as mentor for countless artists during his decades-long tenure with the company.

Romita had a profound effect on everyone he met at Marvel. He was always kind and warm and served as an inspiration to all who knew him or followed his work. Romita helped build the Marvel Universe as we know it, and he will be greatly missed.



"John Romita Sr. was an incomparable artist who brought so many iconic Marvel characters to life on the page and set the tone and look of Marvel's comics for decades. His version of Spider-Man has inspired so many of us at Marvel Studios. Our thoughts are with his family and the generations of artists and fans who fell in love with the characters he drew"

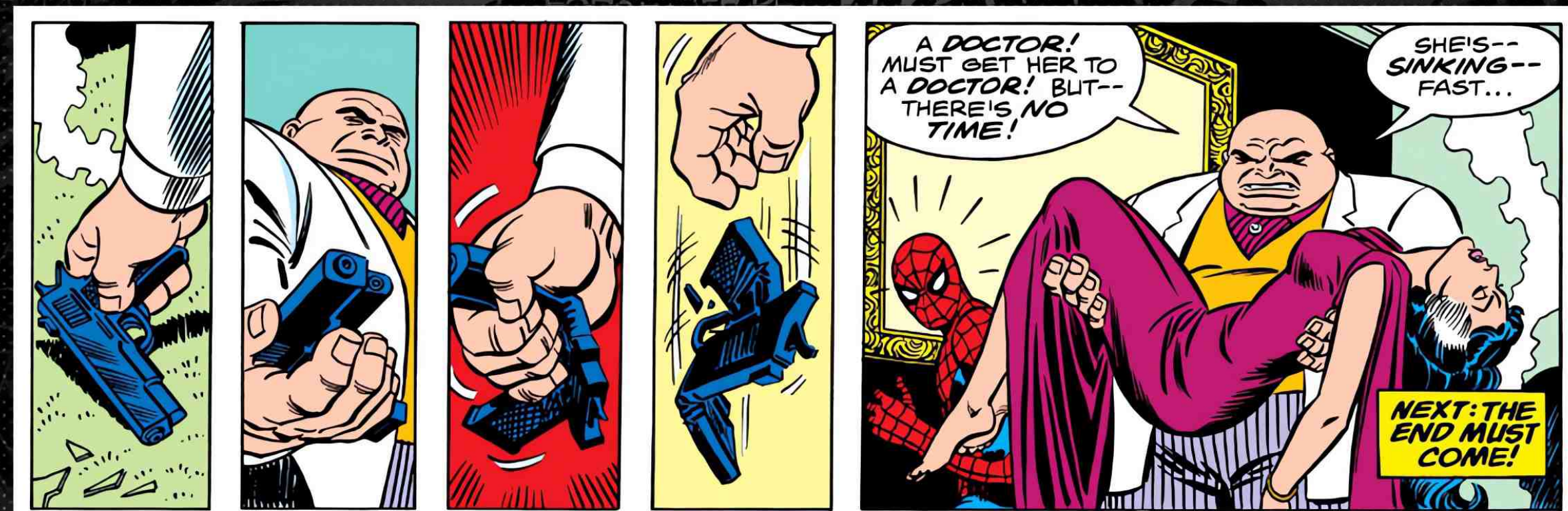
— KEVIN FEIGE

"I was recently able to fawn over some of John Romita Sr.'s original Spider-Man pages, and the word that kept popping into my mind as I marveled over his linework was 'timeless.' His style was such a departure from what had come before, which John did say made him nervous, but one that came to define the look of Peter, Spider-Man, MJ, Gwen and everyone else in their orbit. And the same was true for every Marvel character John designed, penciled and inked. Whether as an artist or art director, John's work influenced generations of comic book artists. With his passing, the comic industry loses a true legend, but just like his artwork, his legacy will remain timeless."

— C.B. CEBULSKI

"When you close your eyes and picture Spider-Man, you're probably picturing a John Romita Sr. Spider-Man. From his debut of the character in *Amazing Spider-Man* #39, the subsequent fifty issues of art, more than a hundred covers and the work he did on the newspaper strip, John defined Spidey for generations of people around the world. That would be enough for anyone else, but John was also an excellent art director, a fantastic father, a doting grandfather and a gentleman. All of us making Spider-Man comics, and Marvel Comics in general, work in his shadow and strive to live up to the example of the legend, 'lazy' John Romita."

— NICK LOWE



"One of the highlights of my career was working with John Romita Sr. I couldn't believe that my 25-year-old self was working and interacting with him, and what made it even better was that he was so considerate and kind – something that has stuck with me ever since, among many other memories with him. It was one of the rare moments where you meet one of your heroes and he exceeds your expectations in every possible way.

His contributions to Marvel's pantheon and culture are immense, and he will be sorely missed. He was a great and kind man who truly made the world a better place. My deepest condolences to Virginia, Johnny and the Romita family."

— DAN BUCKLEY

DECADES OF AMAZING WORK

John Romita wore many hats at Marvel. His most famous contribution was his run on *Amazing Spider-Man*, including the above cover to the series' landmark fiftieth issue. His association with the character would include drawing the cover of the famed wedding of Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson, *Amazing Spider-Man Annual* #21, seen opposite top right. With Stan Lee, he started the Spider-Man newspaper strip, including the sequence with Kingpin from Sept. 25, 1977, seen opposite center. Behind the scenes, Romita was responsible for designing many of Marvel's most famous characters. At bottom opposite are Romita's costume designs for Black Widow and Wolverine.

A full-page comic book illustration showing Captain Marvel in the center, surrounded by five children who are floating in a swirling purple and blue portal. Captain Marvel is wearing her iconic blue and red suit with a gold star on her chest and a gold belt buckle. She has a determined expression and is reaching out with her right hand. The children are in various poses of surprise and fear. One boy in a grey shirt is at the bottom, looking up. A girl in a purple shirt is on the right, also looking up. A boy in a blue jacket is on the left. A girl in an orange shirt is at the top right. A boy in a grey hoodie is at the top left. Red liquid splatters are visible around the children. The background is a swirling vortex of purple and blue with white specks.

GETTIN'
US OUTTA THIS
PORTAL THING,
KIDS.

G-FORCE
IS A SUCKER PUNCH--
HEART CAN'T PUMP HARD
ENOUGH, BLOOD RUSHES
TO YOUR FEET. STAY
CALM!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT WHAT IT
DOES TO YOUR
FACE.

MY FACE?
WHAT?! WHAT
ABOUT MY
FACE?

YOUR CHEEKS
WILL FLAP FROM
THE WIND FORCE.
YOU GOT THIS,
ZANE.

GRAB ME
ANYWHERE AND
HANG ON.

Vivian Shi



WE'RE DEAD MEAT!

NO, WE *WERE* DEAD IN OUR STUPID NOWHERE EARTH LIFE. WE WERE DYING FOR ADVENTURE.

WELL, WE GOT IT. ROLL WITH IT, ZAKA.

WHAT IF THERE'S NO AIR, ZEN? THEN WHAT?

GASP AND DIE LIKE HOOKED FISH?

WE'RE HEADED TOWARD A *PLANET*, AND I SEE VEGETATION. WHERE THERE'S TREES, THERE'S OXYGEN, ZANE.

I'M GONNA SLICE THIS THING OPEN AND DROP US JUST SOUTH OF THE IONIC JET STREAM.

DRAINING OXYGEN FROM PORTAL INTO MY SYSTEM.

INSERT BREATHING TUBE OR DIE.

CRKLE

S.O.S. SENDING DEEP-SPACE COORDINATES. I REPEAT. S.O.S.

ANYONE OUT THERE?

BLAKE! CAN WE TRUST YOUR BOT? WHAT'S IT MADE OF?

SELF-REGENERATING ORGANIC NANOTECH, SOLAR-POWERED, MULTIPLE EXPERIMENTAL BLENDED ALLOYS.

EXPANDABLE AND RETRACTABLE. MIMICS QUANTUM-GRAVITY FABRIC.

BUT HONESTLY, KEZIAH? I'M MORE OF A SOFTWARE GUY.

DON'T LET FEAR OVERWHELM YOU.

ENJOY THE RIDE.



★ THESE KIDS ARE ANGRY--
WITH GOOD REASON. SOME
ENEMY OF *MINE* SLUNG ME
THROUGH A PORTAL AND
SWEEPED *THEM* ALONG.

JUST GOTTA STEER
THIS MOB TO A CLEAR
LANDING SPOT.

NO!
LOST
TWO!

NO TIME FOR AN EXACT
VELOCITY TRAJECTORY
FACTORED WITH WEIGHT
CALCULATION TO GRAB BOTH.

NOT THAT
I KNOW HOW
TO DO THAT...

BETTER
WING IT.

A ZIG FOR ZEN
AND A ZAG FOR
ZANE SHOULD
DO IT.

After investigating some kind of black-hole-like anomaly in deep space, Carol raced back to NYC for a speaking engagement at a center for at-risk teens. Alongside an A.I. designer named Blake and a journalist named Keziah, Carol faced one of her greatest challenges: angry youths. Disillusioned by the horrors of the modern world, the kids pushed back against Carol's "go get 'em" optimism.

Before Carol could talk some sense into them, a portal opened and sucked Carol inside! With the civilians—siblings **ZEN, ZANE**, and **ZAKA; KEZIAH**; and **BLAKE**—Captain Marvel must find her bearings and the villain behind it all.

She has no idea that Nitro—the man empowered by infinite bombs, whose radioactive influence led to the death of Carol's mentor **MAR-VELL**—is behind the attack. And he's not alone. A mysterious new player named **NADA** has Earth in her sights!



Born to a Kree mother and human father, former U.S. Air Force pilot **CAROL DANVERS** became a super hero when a Kree device activated her latent powers.

Now she's an Avenger and Earth's Mightiest Hero.

CAPTAIN MARVEL DARK TEMPEST

PART TWO: THE SPOOKY CASE OF THE GIRL WITH THE POCKET PORTAL

ANN NOCENTI

WRITER

PAOLO VILLANELLI

ARTIST

JAVA TARTAGLIA

COLOR ARTIST

VC's **ARIANA MAHER**

LETTERER

SARAH SPADACCINI

LOGO & PRODUCTION DESIGN

MIKE McKONE &

JESUS ABURTOV

COVER ARTISTS

ROSE BESCH, GEORGE PÉREZ & RICHARD ISANOVE;

RON LIM & RACHELLE ROSENBERG;

LUCAS WERNECK, PAOLO VILLANELLI

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

SARAH BRUNSTAD

EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI

EDITOR IN CHIEF

 **New York City.**

SPIDER-WOMAN, A.K.A. JESSICA DREW.

"A BREEDER," SHE CALLED ME. SO I'M TOO **SOFT** NOW, HUH? JUST BECAUSE I HAD A **BABY**?

WHY SADDLE UP AND RIDE TO HER RESCUE? LET THE GREAT **CAPTAIN MARVEL** FIX IT HERSELF!

HEY. **THING** HERE. THE **FANTASTIC FOUR** HEADQUARTERS IS... JUST THE **PITS**! HEH. PRESS ONE TO TRANSFER TO THE **AVENGERS**...

BEEP

MESSAGE FOR **REED RICHARDS**. I NEED HELP FINDING THE RESIDUAL PATH OF A TELEPORT--

BEEP

THE **AVENGERS** ARE CURRENTLY IN THE **NEGATIVE ZONE**. IF THIS IS AN EMERGENCY, CONTACT THE **X-MEN**.

BEEP

KNOW WHAT, **TONY STARK**? YOU'RE **ALWAYS** IN SOME **ZONE** OR ANOTHER. **CAROL** WAS SUCKED INTO A TELEPORT AND DUMPED--

BEEP

THIS IS **CYCLOPS**. THE **X-MEN** ARE BUSY. TRY THE **AVENGERS**.

BEEP

I **HATE** VOICEMAIL. I NEED TO SMASH SOMETHING.

I GOTTA STAY CALM. WHERE'S MY BEST FRIEND, DAMMIT?

WELL. DOWN TO MY LAST RESORT...

WHAT? WHY?

I CAN FILE IT, CHECK HOSPITALS, TRACK MOBILE. BUT FOR BOOTS ON THE GROUND? GOTTA WAIT 48 HOURS.

SHE STILL MISSING IN TWO DAYS? THEN I CAN BANG ON DOORS.



MAYBE SHE'S ON A DATE? GOT LUCKY?

I SAW CAPTAIN MARVEL GET SUCKED INTO A PORTAL.

THE ALIEN SPACE CHICK? WHY BOTHER ME? ASK THE ALIEN POLICE.

EVERY BIG GUN IS OFF-GRID. I CAN'T GET TRACTION ANYWHERE.

SEE THESE FILES? PENDING INSURANCE CASES FOR DAMAGES CAUSED BY THE AVENGERS BIGFOOTIN' AROUND TOWN.

THAT LADY HULK SMASHED MY CAR BASHING HER WAY DOWN BROADWAY. HAVE I SEEN MY AVENGERS INSURANCE REPLACEMENT MONEY YET? NOPE.

WE GOT REAL WORK TO DO. A MISSING SUPE AIN'T EXACTLY HIGH PRIORITY.

PLEASE, OFFICER. THERE WERE SOME KIDS WITH HER.

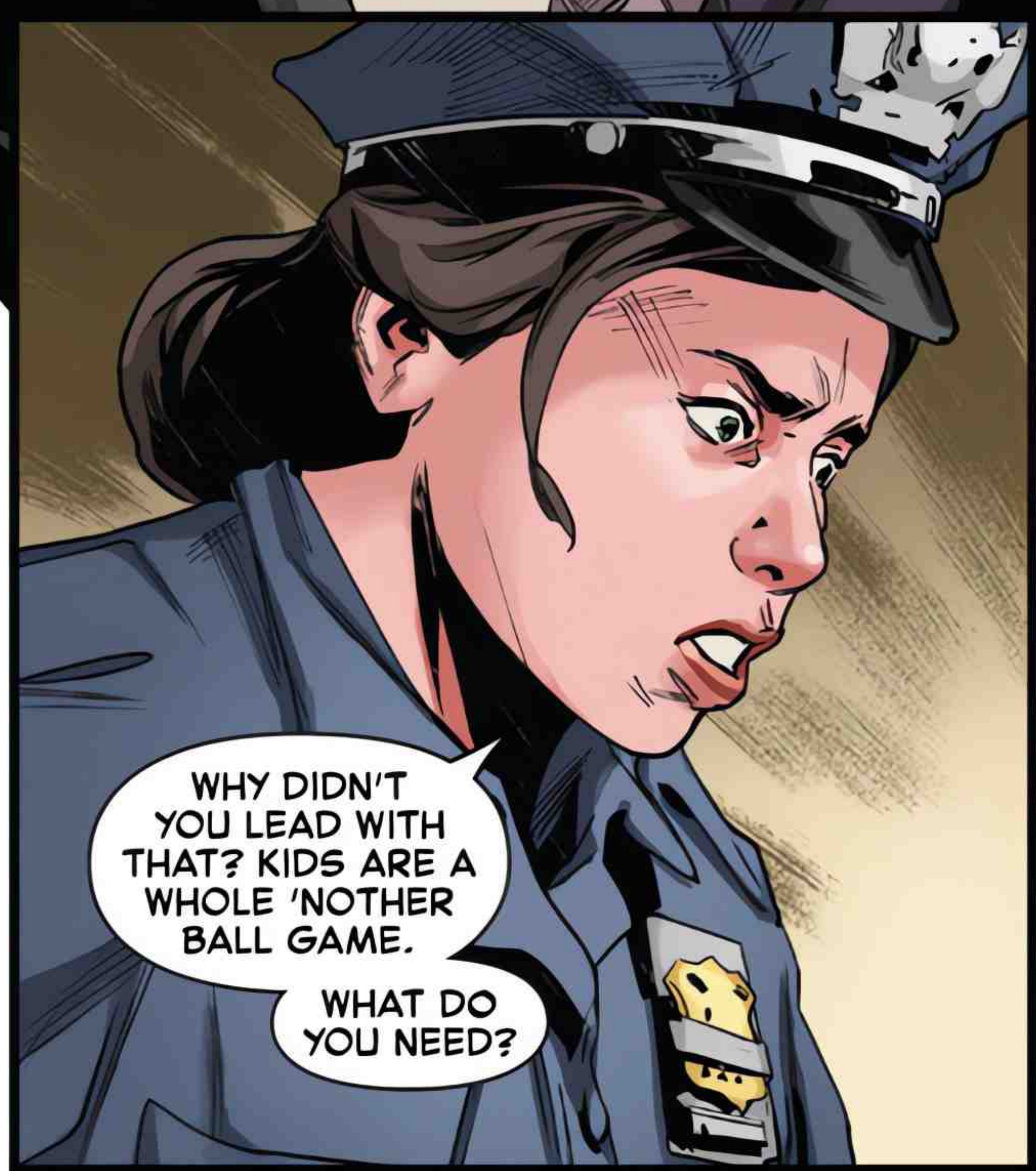


NOW YOU COPS GIVE ME THE SAME RED-TAPE GRIDLOCK?

IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANYONE BALLISTIC!

OH YEAH?

WOMP



WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAD WITH THAT? KIDS ARE A WHOLE 'NOTHER BALL GAME.

WHAT DO YOU NEED?



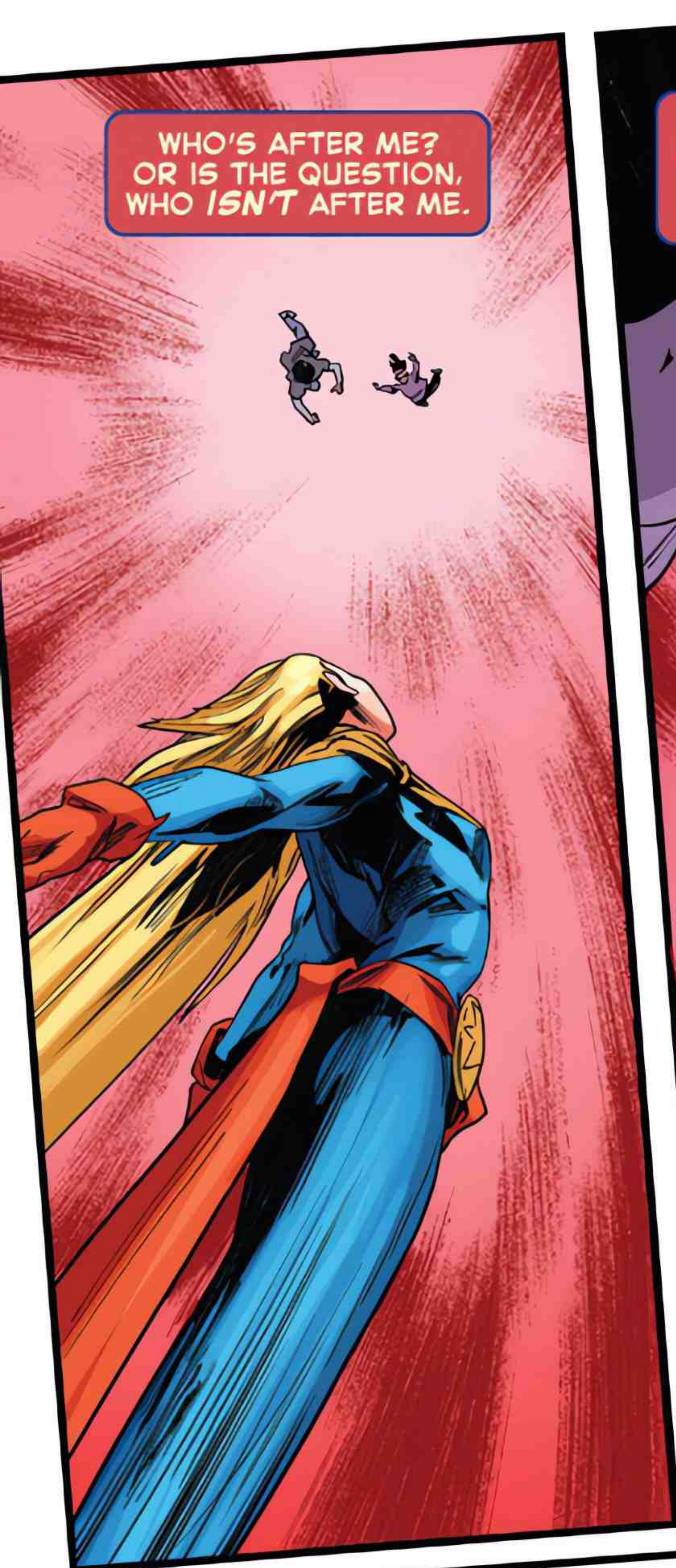
S.D.S. SENDING DEEP-SPACE COORDINATES. I REPEAT. S.D.S.

CAROL! SHE SENT ME HER LOCATION! ALL I NEED NOW IS A ROCKET.

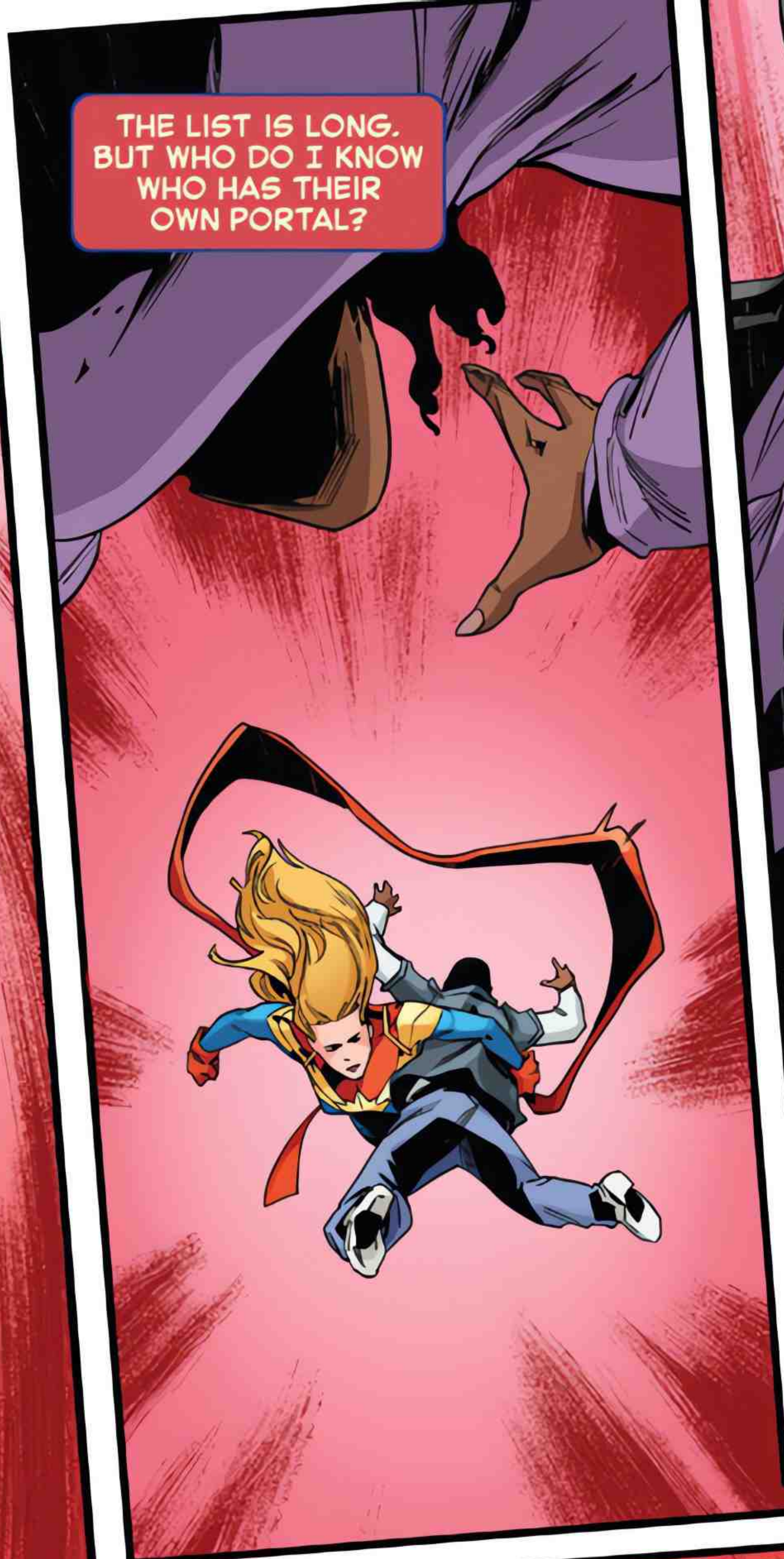
A ROCKET? MAYBE I CAN HELP WITH THAT.

PING!

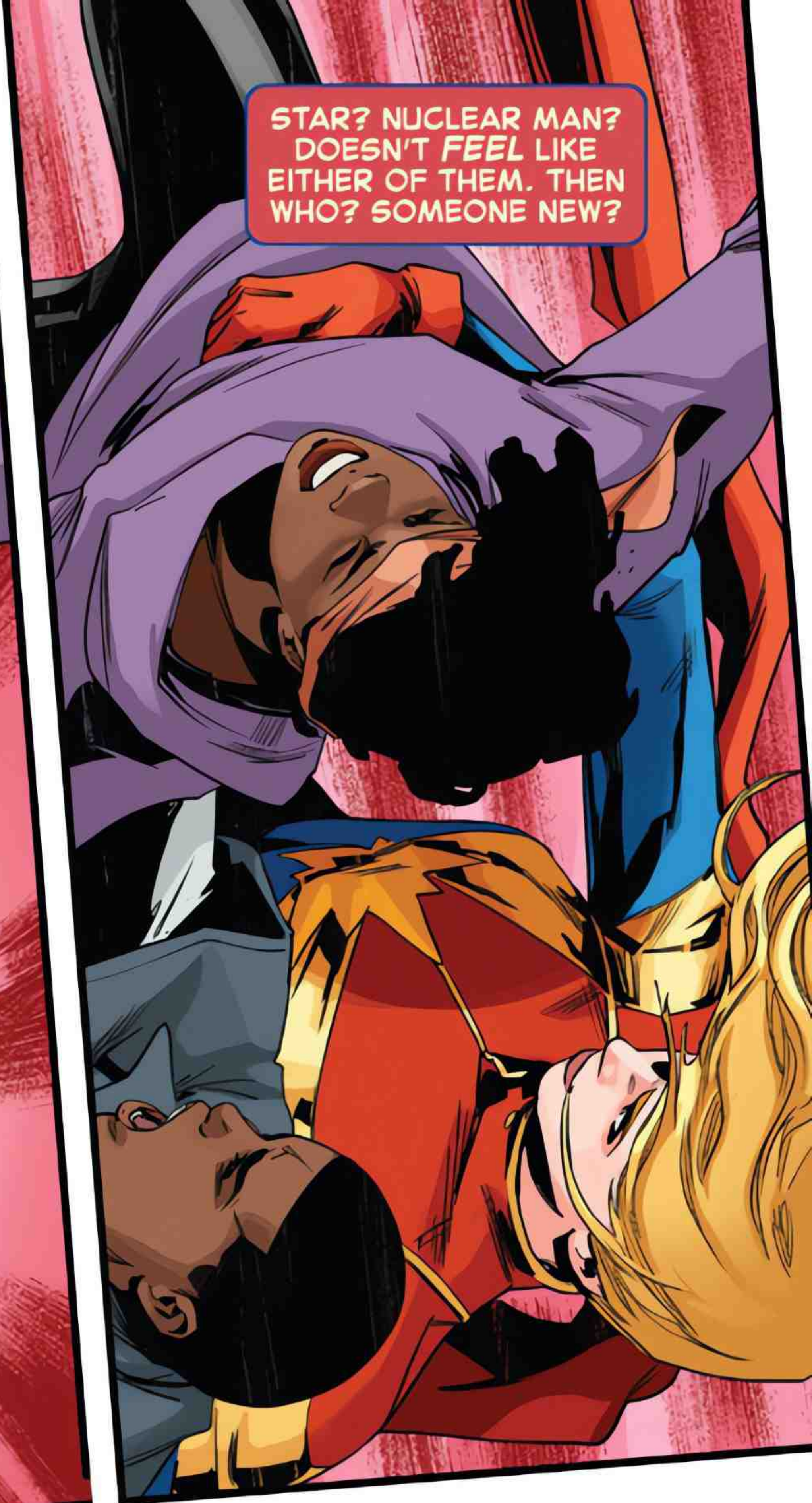
GOT MORE THAN JUST PINS UNDER THIS HAT, SPIDER-LADY.



WHO'S AFTER ME?
OR IS THE QUESTION,
WHO *ISN'T* AFTER ME.



THE LIST IS LONG.
BUT WHO DO I KNOW
WHO HAS THEIR
OWN PORTAL?



STAR? NUCLEAR MAN?
DOESN'T *FEEL* LIKE
EITHER OF THEM. THEN
WHO? SOMEONE NEW?



WASN'T
THAT FUN?
EVERYBODY
OKAY?

ANY
SORE SPOTS OR
BROKEN BONES?
DO A BODY
CHECK.

BREATHING
AND HEART RATE
NORMAL? EYES
STEADY?

UGGGGH.



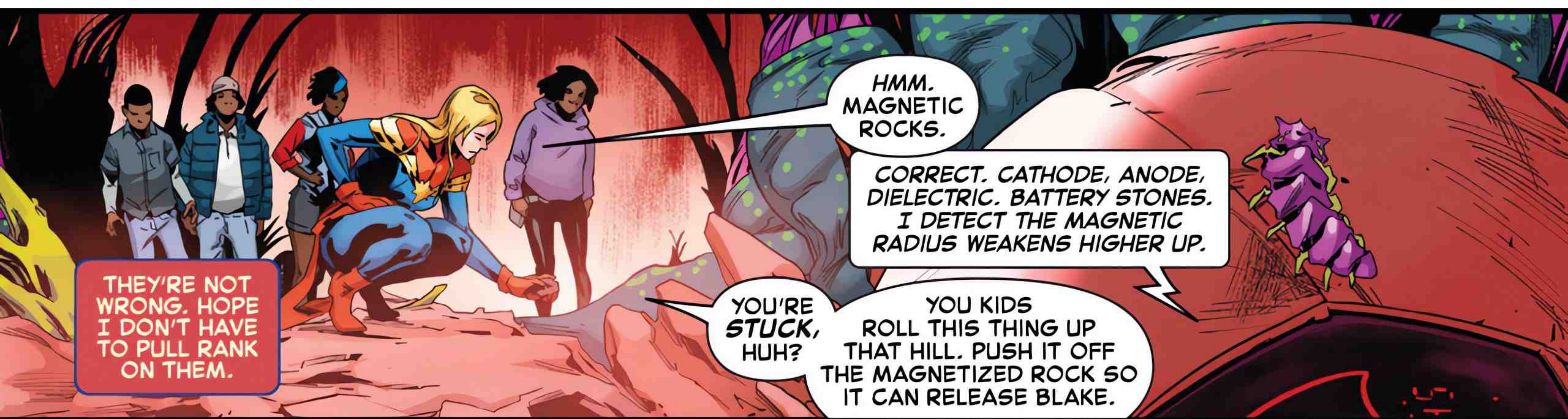
THAT'S BLAKE'S
BOT LANDING. I'LL
CHECK IT OUT--YOU
ALL STAY PUT.

I'M HUNGRY.
I GOTTA FIND
FOOD.

"STAY
PUT"? YOU'RE
NOT THE BOSS
OF ME.

RESPECTFULLY,
CAPTAIN, I'M A JOURNALIST
WITH A DEGREE IN
ANTHROPOLOGY.

I'LL
SURVEY THE
TERRAIN.



THEY'RE NOT WRONG. HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO PULL RANK ON THEM.

HMM. MAGNETIC ROCKS.

CORRECT. CATHODE, ANODE, DIELECTRIC. BATTERY STONES. I DETECT THE MAGNETIC RADIUS WEAKENS HIGHER UP.

YOU'RE STUCK, HUH?

YOU KIDS ROLL THIS THING UP THAT HILL. PUSH IT OFF THE MAGNETIZED ROCK SO IT CAN RELEASE BLAKE.

BLAKE'S SELFISH. HE ONLY SAVED HIMSELF-- WHY SHOULD WE SAVE HIM?

IF BLAKE CAN RECONFIGURE HIS BOT INTO A CAPSULE, I CAN ROCKET YOU HOME.

OR I CAN ZOOM HOME ALONE, LEAVE YOU AND YOUR BAD ATTITUDE RIGHT HERE.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST FLY THIS THING UP THERE?

GIVING YOU A TASK WILL STOP YOUR WHINING, ZAKA. GET YOU PAST YOUR FEAR.

I NEED TO CIRCLE THE AREA, FIND OUT IF ANYTHING'S COMING TO KILL US.

OKAY, OKAY. I'M PUSHING, I'M PUSHING.



HEY, THERE'S SOMETHING UNDER--

OH NO! NO!

IS IT DEAD?

THAT LITTLE THING UNDER HER. IT'S MOVING! A BABY?

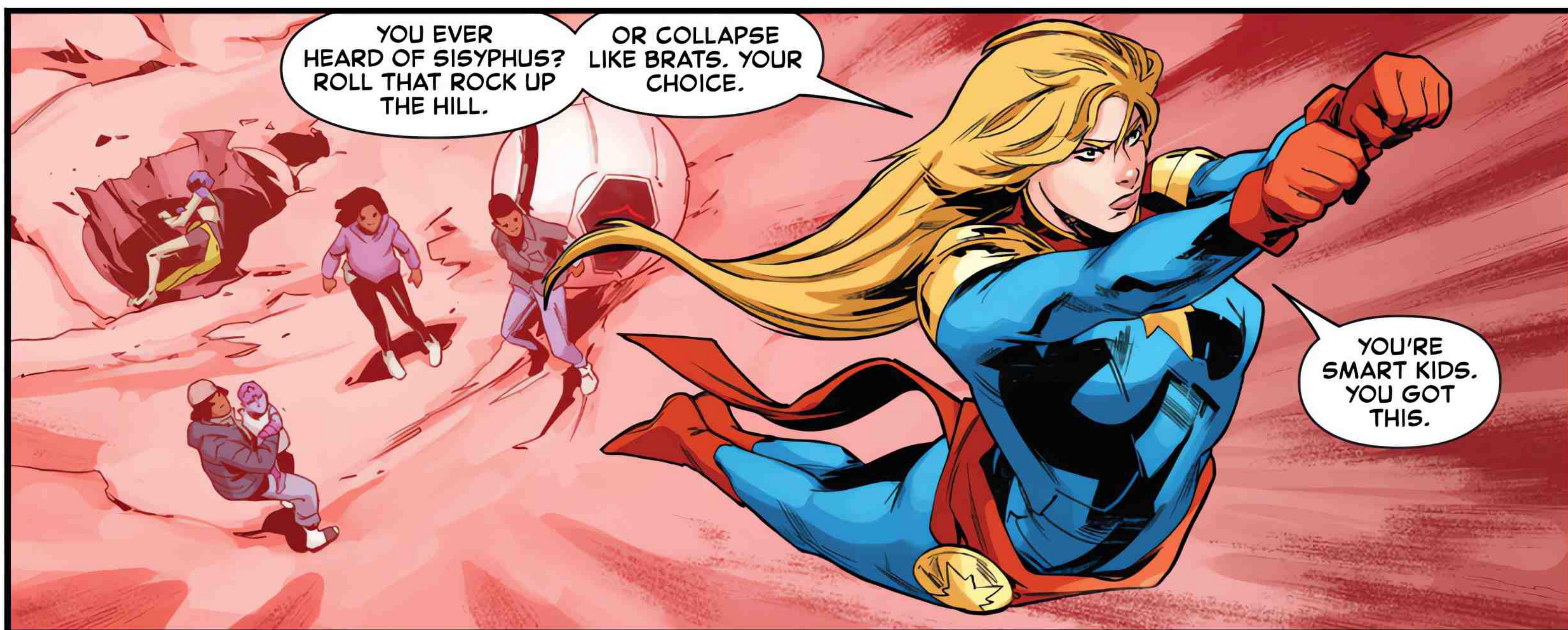
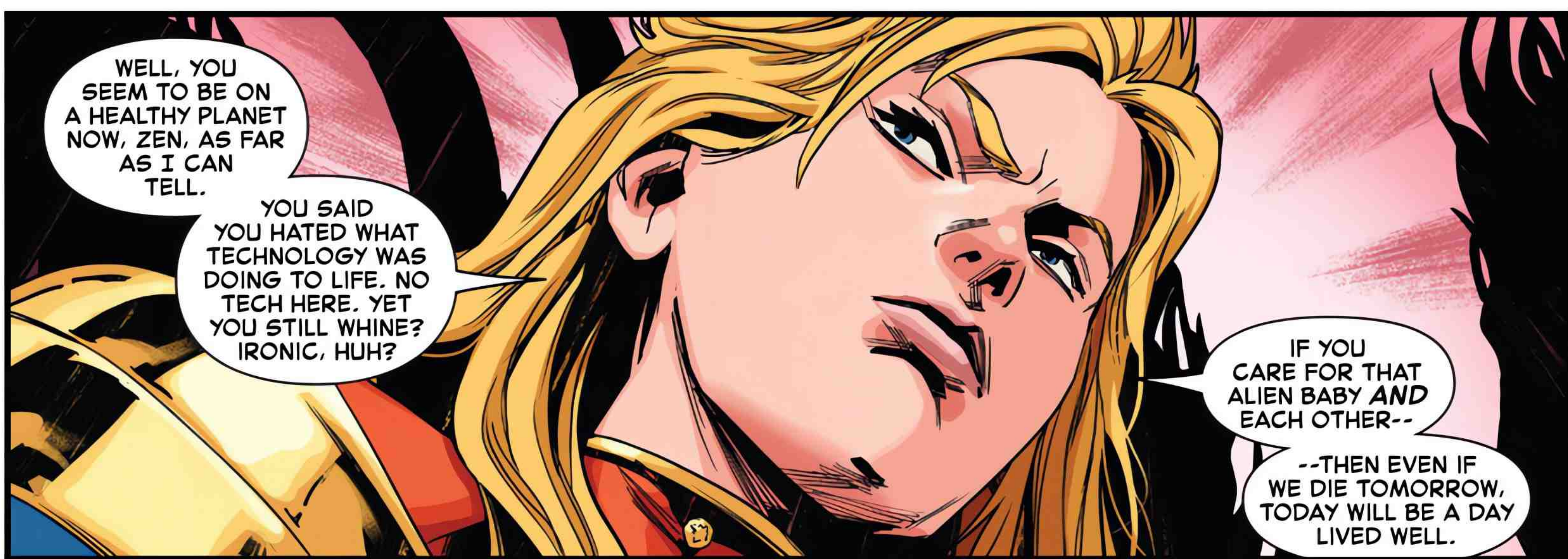
THE AIR, THE VEGETATION... I SHOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED LIFE. I WAS SO FOCUSED ON CATCHING ZEN AND ZANE... I SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT THE BLAKE-BOT TOO.

GO FACE WHATEVER DANGERS ARE OUT THERE, CAPTAIN. WE GOT THIS.

THE MARKINGS ON ITS FACE... THEY'RE ORGANIZED, DELIBERATE. THEY MUST MEAN SOMETHING...

IN HAITI, DOTS ON A FACE CAN SIGNIFY MOURNING. IT'S POSSIBLE THE MOTHER WAS ALREADY DEAD?

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE ALIENS USING PICTOGRAMS.



NADA'S LAIR.

AN ABANDONED TEXTILE
FACTORY IN NEW YORK CITY.

A BIT
OF MAGIC, A
DASH OF NADA-
FORCE...YOUR
BODY, MY
CANVAS.

I CAN'T
FOLLOW HALF
'A WHAT YOU SAY,
GIRL, JUST
DO IT.

WATCH A
MAESTRO WORK
HER ARTISTRY,
NITRO...

THIS...
POWER!

...HOW'S IT
FEEL TO BE
A GOD?

IT FEELS...
FANTASTIC.
THANKS
NADA.

LET'S GO
GET HER, I'M
READY.



YOU DO
LOOK *TRES TRES*
COUTURE.

AFTER
THIS REVENGE
BUSINESS IS OVER,
LET'S START A
CLOTHING
LINE.

OR WHY
WAIT? I'VE
GOT THE LOOMS.
LET'S HIT THE
RUNWAY.

I COULD
BRAND THE HELL
OUTTA YOU,
NITRO.

YOU PROMISED!
CAPTAIN MARVEL
COMES FIRST.

WHY ALL THE
HATE FOR THE
SPACE CHICK IN
PARTICULAR?

SHE'S THE
MOST POWERFUL
BEING IN THE UNIVERSE.
SHE **HOARDS**
POWER.

CAN
ONE HOARD
POWER? IS THERE
A FINITE AMOUNT
OF IT?

IF SOMEONE IS
LUCKY, ARE PEOPLE
ELSEWHERE UNLUCKY?
IF I'M HAPPY, DO I SUCK
THE HAPPINESS OUT
OF OTHERS?

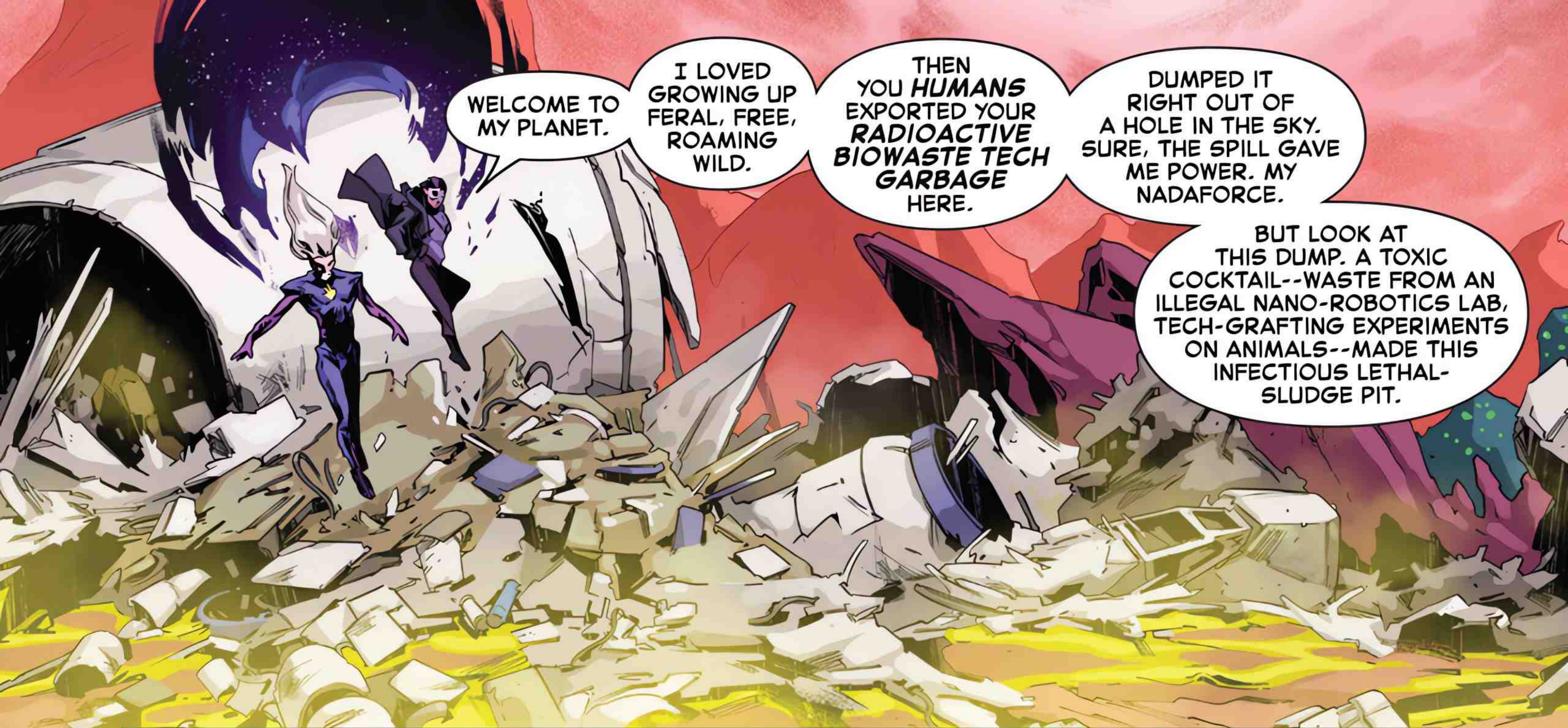
WHAT ABOUT
THIS EXPLOSIVE
ANGER YOU FEEL?
DO YOU HOARD
ANGER?

STOP!
YOU'RE
CONFUSING
ME.

WELL, WE
AGREE ON ONE
THING. WE BOTH
WANT TO BLAST THE WORLD
BACK TO THE **STONE**
AGE. MAKE THINGS
WILD AND FERAL
AGAIN.

TECHNOLOGY
IS MADDENING.
I HATE IT. WHY
DO *YOU* HATE
IT?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU...



WELCOME TO MY PLANET.

I LOVED GROWING UP FERAL, FREE, ROAMING WILD.

THEN YOU **HUMANS** EXPORTED YOUR **RADIOACTIVE BIOWASTE TECH GARBAGE** HERE.

DUMPED IT RIGHT OUT OF A HOLE IN THE SKY. SURE, THE SPILL GAVE ME POWER. MY NADAFORCE.

BUT LOOK AT THIS DUMP. A TOXIC COCKTAIL--WASTE FROM AN ILLEGAL NANO-ROBOTICS LAB, TECH-GRAFTING EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS--MADE THIS INFECTIOUS LETHAL-SLUDGE PIT.



EXPORTING EARTH GARBAGE IS BIG BUSINESS.

INFECTED MY WORLD. MY PEOPLE. THE ANIMALS.

THE RICH HID UNDERGROUND IN BUNKERS. THE REST OF US? WE SURVIVED. EVOLVED.



HOW AWFUL.

DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR ME! I HATE PITY. IT'S NOTHING. I'M AN ORPHAN--SO WHAT?

MY DEAD MOTHER WAS DELIRIUM, MY FATHER DELUSION.

YOU SAID YOUR FATHER WAS DESPAIR.

JUST SPITBALLING MY ORIGIN STORY HERE, OLD GUY. YOU SHOULD TRY IT.



COOL PURSE. THAT YOUR BAG OF TRICKS?

I DO LOVE TO ACCESSORIZE.

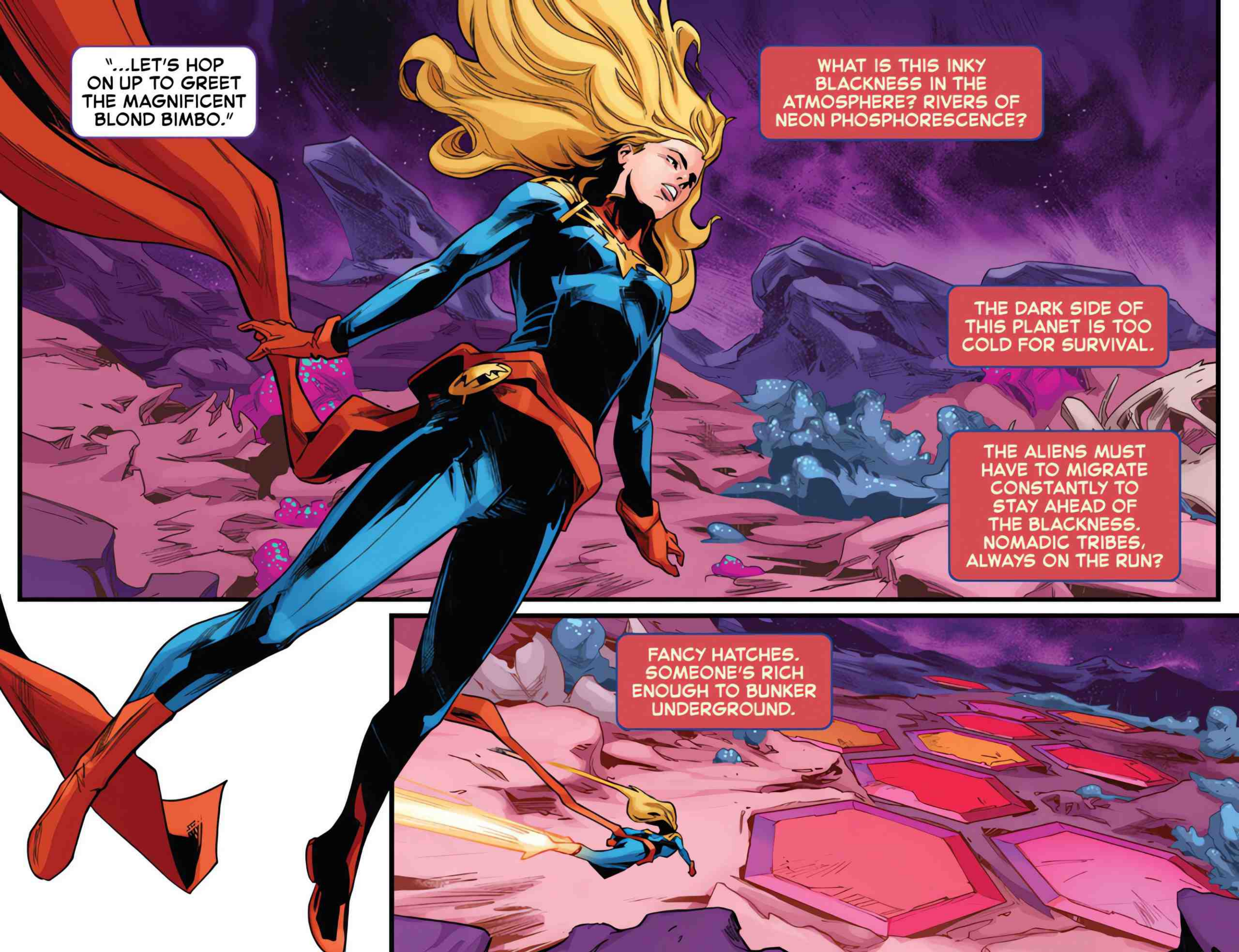
WAIT. IS THAT ALL *I* AM TO YOU? A FASHION ACCESSORY? JUST A HANDY BOMB BRACELET?



WHY, YES, EXACTLY. YOU'RE THE BOMB.

MY BOMB.

SHE'S HERE...



"...LET'S HOP ON UP TO GREET THE MAGNIFICENT BLOND BIMBO."

WHAT IS THIS INKY BLACKNESS IN THE ATMOSPHERE? RIVERS OF NEON PHOSPHORESCENCE?

THE DARK SIDE OF THIS PLANET IS TOO COLD FOR SURVIVAL.

THE ALIENS MUST HAVE TO MIGRATE CONSTANTLY TO STAY AHEAD OF THE BLACKNESS. NOMADIC TRIBES, ALWAYS ON THE RUN?



FANCY HATCHES. SOMEONE'S RICH ENOUGH TO BUNKER UNDERGROUND.



THE INFAMOUS ASTRONAUT'S GAZE. FROM HIGH ABOVE, PLANETS LOOK SO TENDER, SO GORGEOUS, SO VULNERABLE.

IT GIVES ME THE SAME FEELING EVERY TIME. WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER, AND I'D DO **ANYTHING** TO PROTECT THE FRAGILITY OF ANY PLANET.

THIS ONE'S IN TROUBLE. I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE ILLEGAL TRAWLERS OFF-LOADING TOXIC GARBAGE TO SPACE. IS THIS WHERE IT ALL ENDS UP? SWIRLING IN THE RINGS OF ALIEN PLANETS?



WELL, HELLO, OLD FRIEND... I GUESS WHATEVER SUCKED US HERE MIGHT BE CONNECTED TO THIS BAD BOY, WALT'S SPACE ANOMALY?

NOTHING LIKE ASKING QUESTIONS IN SPACE.

ALWAYS THE SAME ANSWER-- A RESOUNDING SILENCE.

RUMORS SURFACED TODAY THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS VANISHED.

WE GOTTA HELP, RODNEY.

Missing!

BIT FAR OUTTA OUR WHEELHOUSE, BOYS.

WHAT I GOTTA DO IS OPEN THE BAR. LOUIS, WHOLE TOWN'S WAITIN' ON YOUR DONUTS. ANDY, THE LOBSTER BOAT'S LEAVING, GET TO IT.

WHY CAN'T WE HELP CAROL? JUST 'CAUSE WE'RE NORMAL HUMANS? CALL THAT HAM-RADIO GUY.

HARPSWELL, MAINE.

RODNEY'S DOCKSIDE BAR.

"YOU KNOW, THE GUY WHO SAYS, 'WHERE THERE'S A BLACK HOLE, THERE'S GOTTA BE A WHITE HOLE.'"

"YOU MEAN WALT? THE R.A.W. DUDE? HEY, LOUIS, WHAT ABOUT THAT LADY WHO TAKES CARE OF CAROL'S CRAZY CAT?"

"JESSICA DREW. I TRIED HER, RODNEY. STRAIGHT TO VOICEMAIL. SHE NEVER ANSWERS HER PHONE."

I'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND WITH WORRY. EVERYONE THINKS I'M CRAZY, JESS.

I SAW IT TOO, RAQUEL. WE BOTH SAW CAROL GET SUCKED INTO A BLACK HOLE WHAT-EVER THING.

IF THIS SHIP MAGGIE FOUND US IS IN DECENT SHAPE, WE'VE GOT A PLAN.

REALLY? YOU CAN FLY A ROCKET?

IT'S IMPOUNDED. SOME NASA ADJUNCT DEFAULTED ON THE STORAGE PAYMENTS.

TAKES UP MY WHOLE WAREHOUSE. I GOTTA GET RID OF IT. PILOT WHO BUILT IT AIN'T HAPPY.

YOU STILL GOT THE PILOT'S NUMBER? THINK HE CAN FLY THIS THING?

YEAH, I GOT HER NUMBER. BUT YOU HAUL THIS MONSTER OFF, DON'T BRING IT BACK.



THAT JUNK
IS OUR RIDE?
YOU SURE YOUR
ENGINE WON'T
DROP OUT?

SHE'S UGLY
ON THE OUTSIDE,
PRETTY ON THE
INSIDE.

YOU LIKE
IT LIKE THAT,
ANDY?

BETTER
THAN THE
REVERSE,
LOUIS.

PEDAL TO
METAL, AND WE
HIT NEW YORK IN
FIVE HOURS.

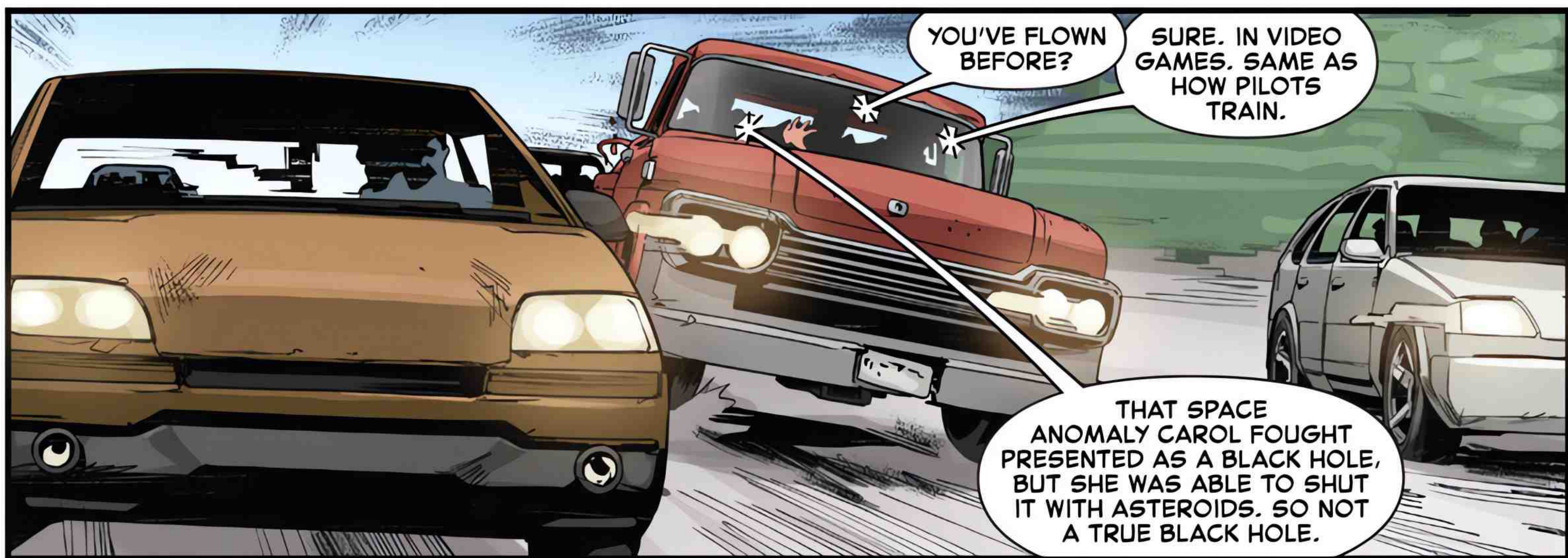


GPS
SAYS SEVEN
HOURS.

I'M FASTER
THAN GPS,
WALT.

FINALLY GOT
HOLD OF JESSICA.
CAROL'S STUCK OUT IN
DEEP SPACE WITH SOME
KIDS! JESS FOUND A
ROCKET TO STAGE A
RESCUE, BUT NO
PILOT YET.

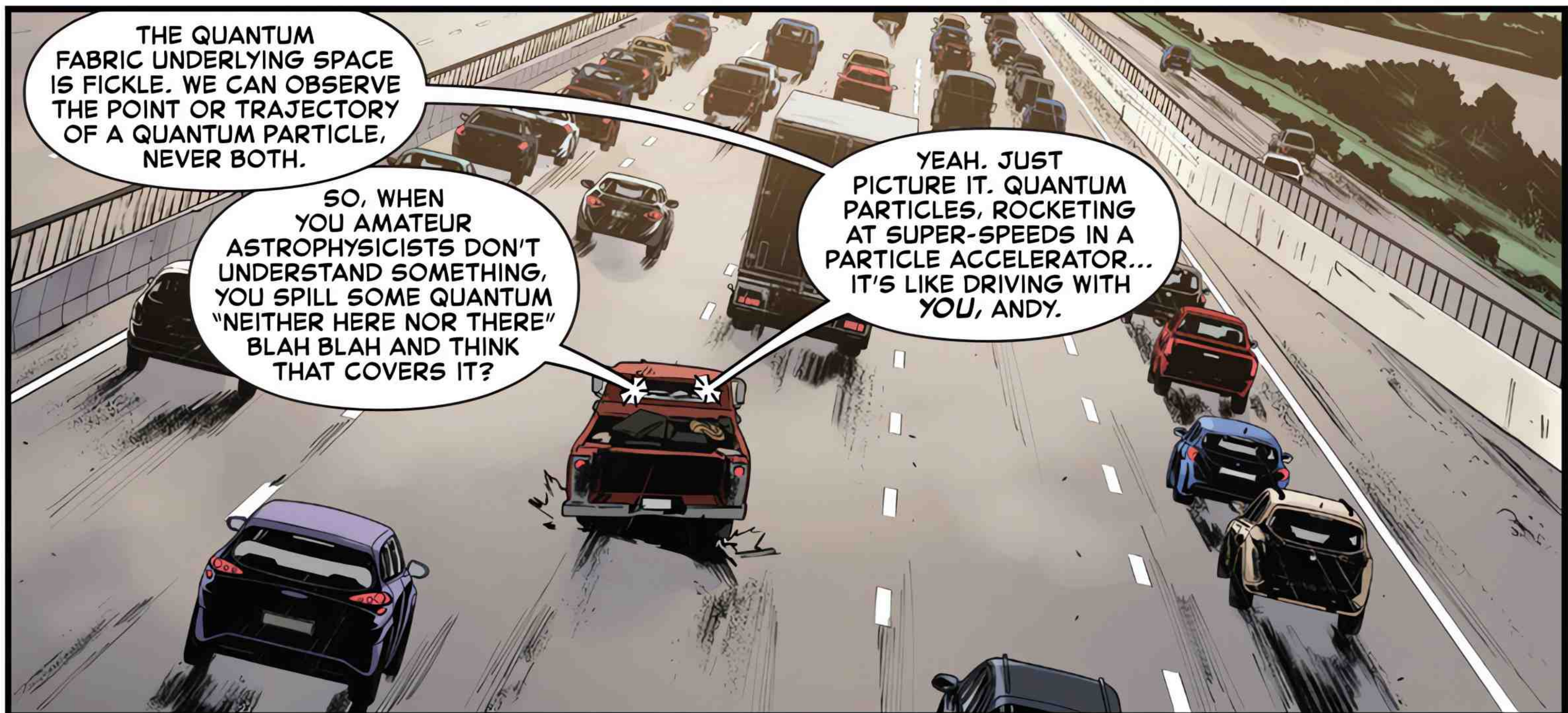
SO? HOW
HARD CAN IT BE?
I'LL FLY IT.



YOU'VE FLOWN
BEFORE?

SURE. IN VIDEO
GAMES. SAME AS
HOW PILOTS
TRAIN.

THAT SPACE
ANOMALY CAROL FOUGHT
PRESENTED AS A BLACK HOLE,
BUT SHE WAS ABLE TO SHUT
IT WITH ASTEROIDS. SO NOT
A TRUE BLACK HOLE.



THE QUANTUM
FABRIC UNDERLYING SPACE
IS FICKLE. WE CAN OBSERVE
THE POINT OR TRAJECTORY
OF A QUANTUM PARTICLE,
NEVER BOTH.

SO, WHEN
YOU AMATEUR
ASTROPHYSICISTS DON'T
UNDERSTAND SOMETHING,
YOU SPILL SOME QUANTUM
"NEITHER HERE NOR THERE"
BLAH BLAH AND THINK
THAT COVERS IT?

YEAH. JUST
PICTURE IT. QUANTUM
PARTICLES, ROCKETING
AT SUPER-SPEEDS IN A
PARTICLE ACCELERATOR...
IT'S LIKE DRIVING WITH
YOU, ANDY.

I'D BETTER GET BACK.
SEE IF THE KIDS HAVE
GOTTEN BLAKE FREE YET
AND HERD THE CATS--

UH-OH. HELLO.
THAT ANOMALY...
IT'S ANOTHER
PORTAL?!

AND WHOEVER'S
COMING OUT OF IT,
THEY DON'T LOOK
FRIENDLY.

NO SOUND IN
SPACE. CAN'T
ASK WHY THE
BADDIES ARE
ABOUT TO BE
BAD.

HOPE **NITRO**
COMPREHENDED
THE RELAY-PLAN
SEQUENCE.

WHAT DID **NADA**
SAY THE ORDER
WAS? ENVELOP FIRST
OR EXPLODE FIRST?

WHEN IN DOUBT,
KA-BOOM.

WE ONLY GOT
ONE CRACK
AT THIS.

SHE STARTS
PUNCHING, IT'S
ALL OVER.



CREATURES FROM
A BLACK HOLE?

WHEN
IN DOUBT,
WHACK.



CAN'T HEAR
THE **KRUNCH** IN
SPACE, BUT I BET
THAT HURT.

THIS GUY LOOKS
FAMILIAR. LONG
GRAY HAIR? HALF
GAS? A LIVING
ROCKET?



THE PURPLE CHICK DOESN'T LOOK
TOO STRONG. THIS ROCKET DUDE IS
WHO I'VE GOT TO TAKE DOWN.

HE'S PULLIN'
HIMSELF BACK
TOGETHER.
UH-OH.



I'D TELL YOU TO "WATCH
YOUR BACK," CAPTAIN, BUT IT
WOULD RUIN THE SURPRISE.



I'VE BEEN WAITING
YEARS TO **W-TOOM**
YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL.

A POWER BLAST I CAN'T
ABSORB OR DEFLECT?
WHAT THE HELL?!?

THIS ENERGY--
FEELS LIKE WHAT
I CONFRONTED
IN THAT SPACE
ANOMALY--

SORRY, CAP. I HAD
NO BEEF WITH YOU.
JUST HAD TO PAY THE
FARE FOR *NITRO*.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED
MY PORTAL. AND NOW YOU'RE
LOITERING AT MY DOORSTEP?
TRESPASSING ON MY PROPERTY?

--BUT STRONGER!
I CAN'T MOVE!

ONE THING I'VE LEARNED
FROM EARTH HUMANS--
I CAN PULL OUT THE
SHOTGUN. EXERCISE MY
RIGHT TO SELF-DEFENSE.

NO!!!

SHE'S TRAPPED!
WE GOT HER!

SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T
FEEL AS SATISFYING AS
I'D HOPED. KINDA FEEL
SORRY FOR HER.

WHAT DID NADA
GET ME INTO? DID
I HOOK UP WITH
THE WRONG GIRL?

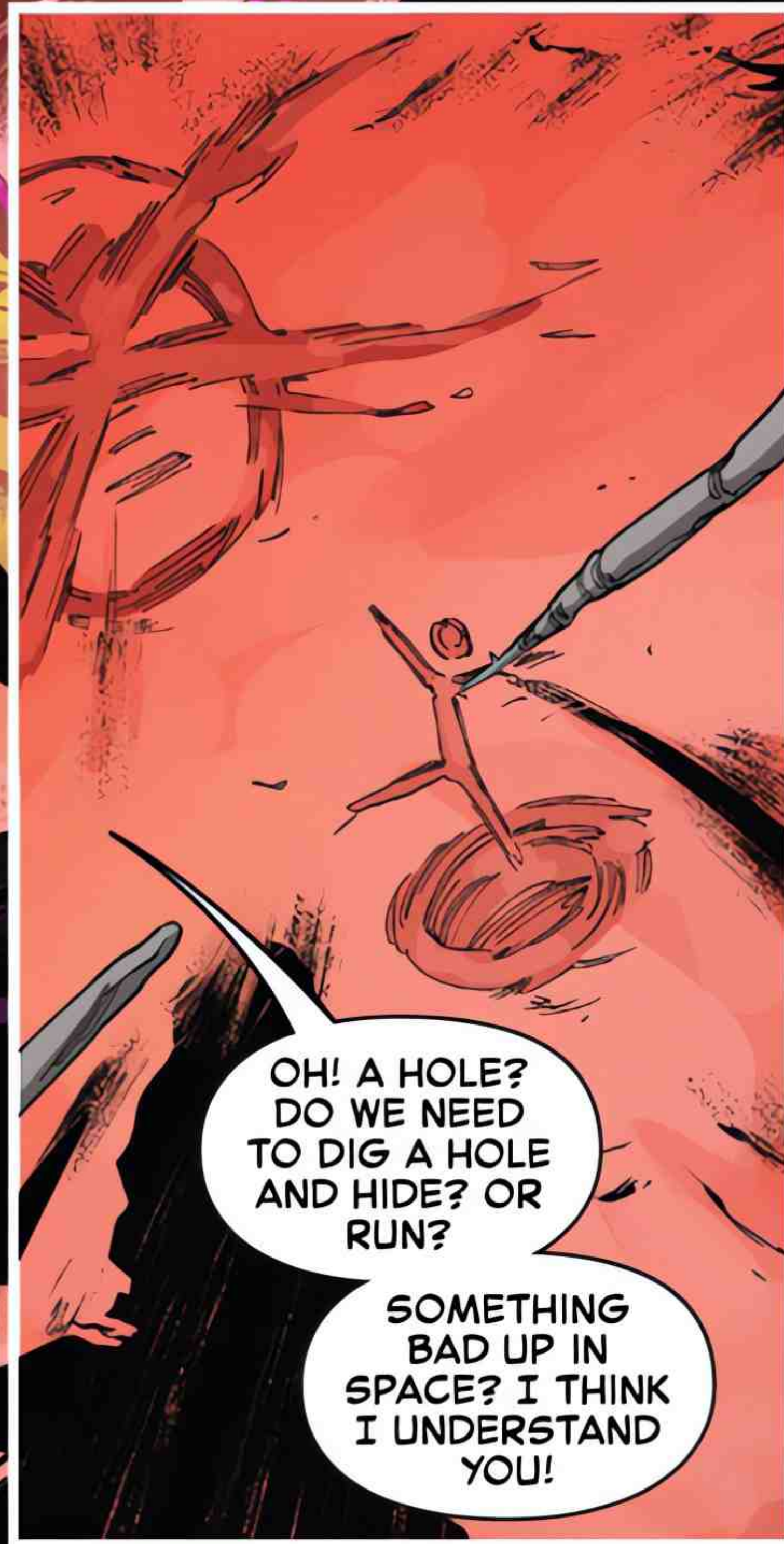
ANOTHER ONE
IN THE BAG.



THAT'S YOUR PLANET? IT HAS A DARK SIDE? YOU RUN FROM IT?

IN MY COUNTRY, IN HAITI, SOMETIMES SPOTS ARE PAINTED ON A FACE FOR A FUNERAL. YOU DO THAT TOO?

WE FOUND A BABY...



OH! A HOLE? DO WE NEED TO DIG A HOLE AND HIDE? OR RUN?

SOMETHING BAD UP IN SPACE? I THINK I UNDERSTAND YOU!



CAPTAIN MARVEL IS SO BOSSY.

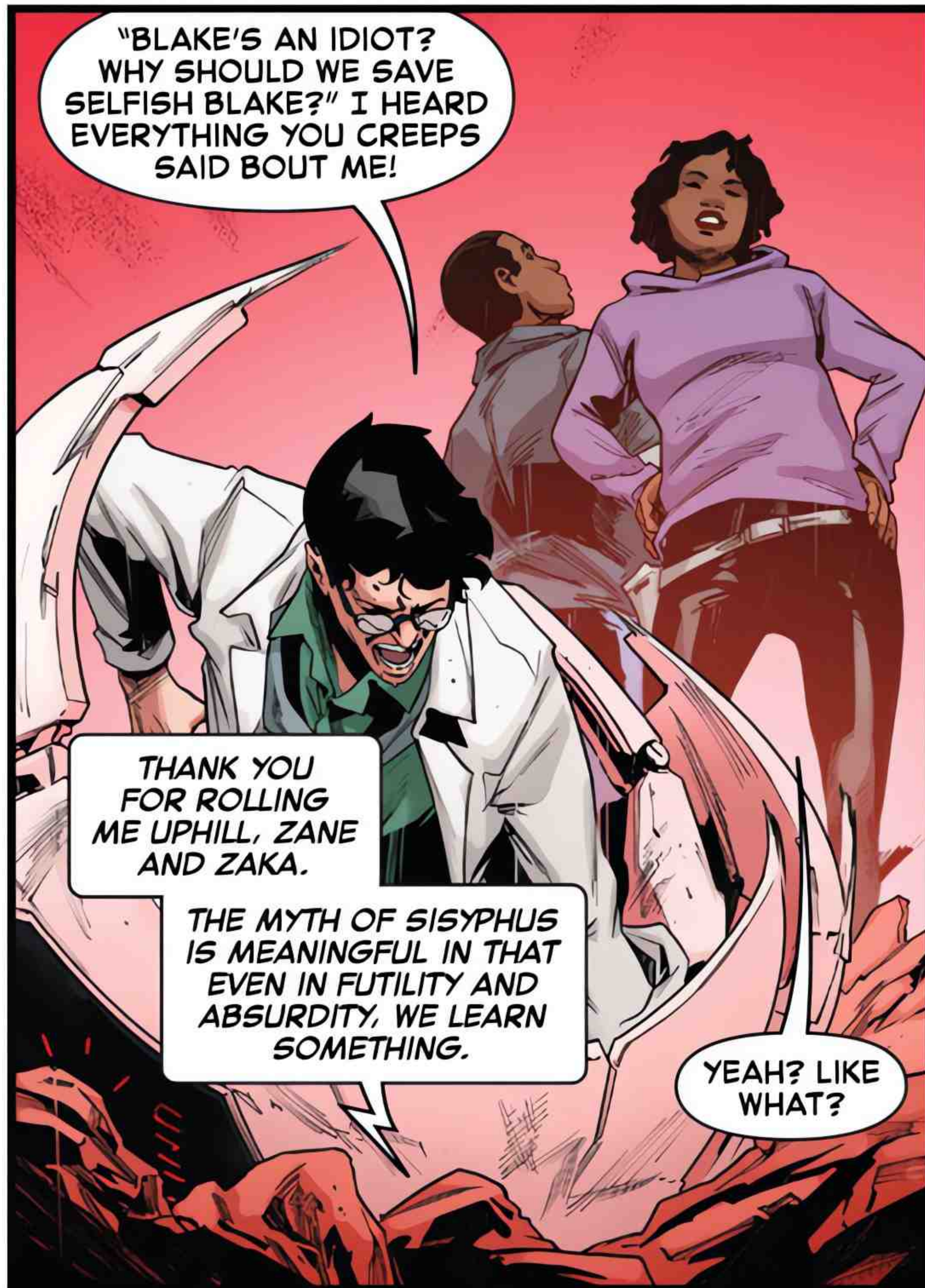
SO WHAT? SHE WAS RIGHT. GIVING ME A JOB TO DO HELPED ME FORGET HOW SCARED I WAS.

I DON'T WANNA GO BACK TO EARTH. I WANNA EXPLORE THIS PLACE.

THEN WHAT? WHAT ABOUT MOM? WHAT ABOUT GIRLS?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH AN ALIEN GIRL? HERE COMES ONE NOW.

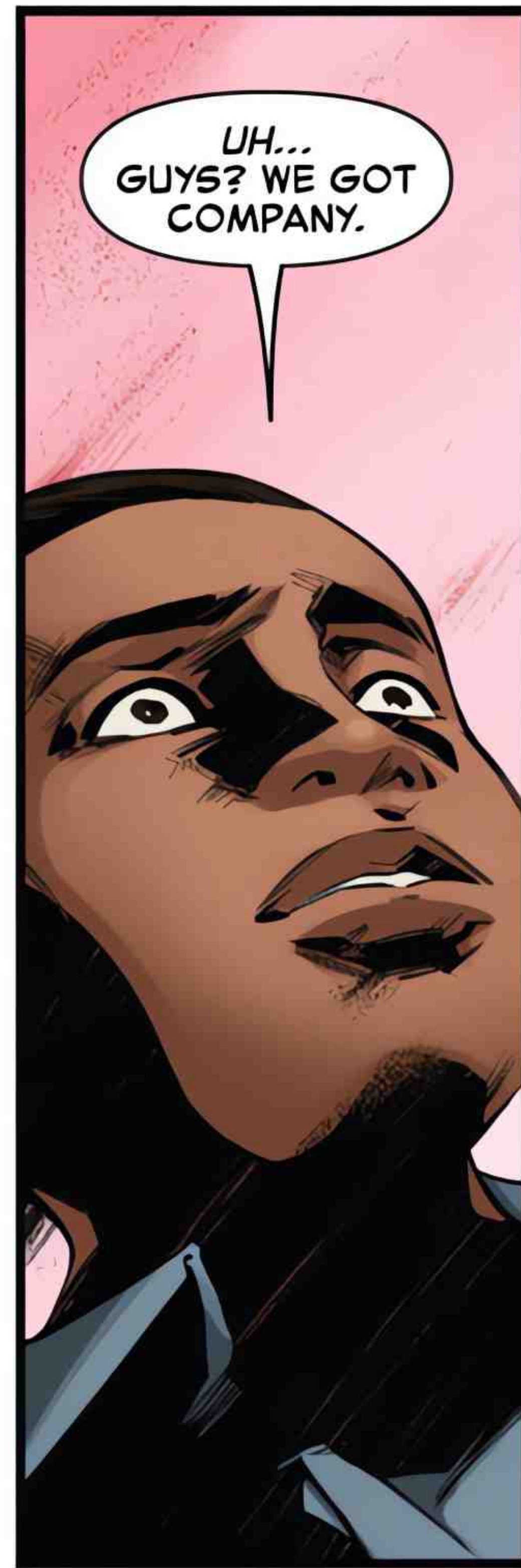


"BLAKE'S AN IDIOT? WHY SHOULD WE SAVE SELFISH BLAKE?" I HEARD EVERYTHING YOU CREEPS SAID BOUT ME!

THANK YOU FOR ROLLING ME UPHILL, ZANE AND ZAKA.

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS IS MEANINGFUL IN THAT EVEN IN FUTILITY AND ABSURDITY, WE LEARN SOMETHING.

YEAH? LIKE WHAT?



UH... GUYS? WE GOT COMPANY.



NOW WHAT?

COOL HOODIE, ALIEN LADY. COOL POCKETBOOK. I DIG YOUR SPOOKY STYLE.

WE LIVE HERE. WE'RE NATIVES. *YOU'RE* THE ALIENS, NOT US.

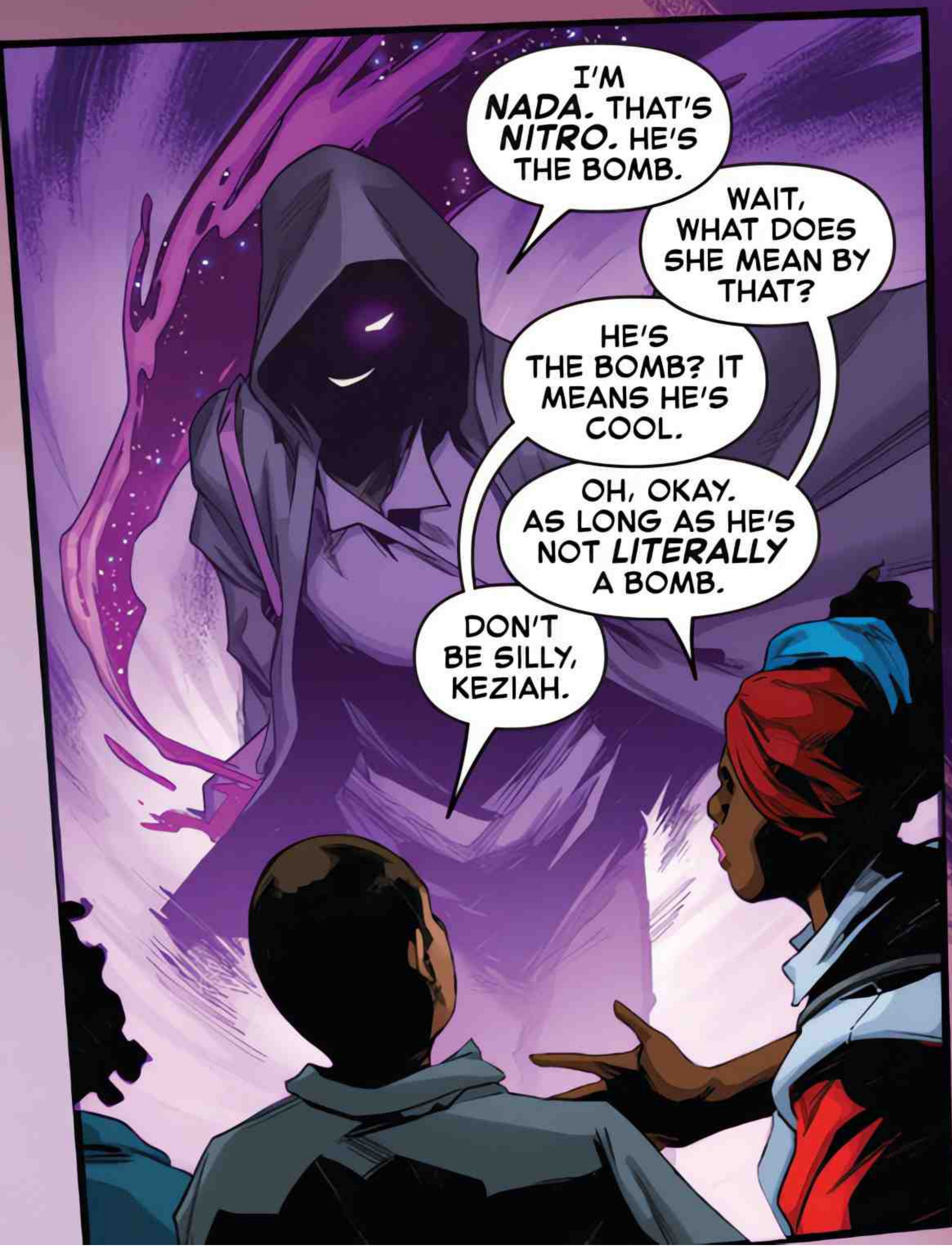
WHO ARE YOU?



ALIENS? OH YES, CORRECT. THIS IS YOUR WORLD, SO TO YOU, WE'RE THE ALIENS.

WE'RE FROM EARTH. CAPTAIN MARVEL DRAGGED US HERE.

YEAH. SHE'S ON HER WAY BACK, SO WATCH OUT.



I'M NADA. THAT'S NITRO. HE'S THE BOMB.

WAIT, WHAT DOES SHE MEAN BY THAT?

HE'S THE BOMB? IT MEANS HE'S COOL.

OH, OKAY. AS LONG AS HE'S NOT LITERALLY A BOMB.

DON'T BE SILLY, KEZIAH.



YOU ALL LOOK LIKE YOU NEED MAKEOVERS.

AH... THAT'S A NOPE? WE LIKE HOW WE LOOK.

I'M OFFERING YOU POWER.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE THE BOMB?



NEXT: THE FERAL FIVE!

NEXT



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